General News. | Our Correspondents.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855. | WHOLE NO. 1789.

## Original Poetry.

### THE CAR WRECK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A crash! a smothered cry,
A wild, terrific scream,
A brightness of earth and sky
As in a horrid dream,
A mass of mangled flesh,
A wail of mingled groans,—
I would not see the sight afresh,
For kingdoms and for thrones.

The mother kneeling here,
The father frantic there,
[illegible]
The dying, shrieking prayer—
[illegible]
[illegible]
I would not see the sight afresh,
For kingdoms and for thrones.

[illegible]

So broke the wheel that sped,
So broke the golden bowl,
So suddenly the silver thread
Snaps and unchains the soul;
God of the earth and sky,
Have pity upon all,
But mercy most for those who die,
Unshriven as they fall.

## Original Novelet.

### THE ONEIDA SISTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

...campment with like success—driving the astonished savages into the depths of the forest—whither they very wisely concluded not to follow them.

They then returned to the Fort in triumph—carrying with them no less than twenty-one wagon loads of camp-equipage and stores—the baggage of Sir John Johnson and other officers, containing papers and despatches of importance, and especial interest to the garrison—and, last in solid value, but not the least for glory, five British standards!

Incredible as it may seem, and almost impossible of belief as they themselves felt it to be, the patriots had not lost a man—though several of their number were severely wounded. Among them was the noble young French volunteer, De Vaudreuil, who had received a bayonet thrust through his sword arm. But in the excitement of the engagement, he scarcely felt it, pausing only to bind it up hastily with his silken sash, whose crimson hue concealed, if it did not staunch the copious bleeding—and finally, after having performed some wonderful exploits by left-hand cuts and thrusts, returned with his companions to the Fort, bearing one of the standards, as the prize of his valor, and followed by a fierce, black-bearded, foreign-looking prisoner, who, however, proved to be nothing more formidable than a Hessian chaplain, who, while on a visit or embassy to the camp of Sir John Johnson, had found himself, by accident, involved in the affray—and happening to possess, in spite of his holy orders, more of that unsanctified quality called "pluck," than the professional fighters in the camp, sturdily stood his ground, and scorned to fly.

Onata had watched the sortie from the extremest tenable point of the southern bastion, and strained her eyes to follow through the smoke and tumult of the fight, the slender and graceful figure of the young French soldier. Once she shrieked out, and almost staggered from the perilous point where she stood, when she saw him wounded; but the next moment she gave a cry of joyful triumph, as she saw his enemy disarmed, and bowing submissively before him. When the victors re-entered the Fort, forgetting her usual shyness and instinctive modesty, she sprang forward with childlike eagerness, and flung her slender brown arms about her friend—weeping and smiling in her face, dispelling the unusual shadows of humiliation and anger.

Those shadows, that light, were the first ominous clouds, the first lightning gleam of womanly passion which had ever visited the quiet sky of her happy young life. Thenceforth she was a child no more.

When the men came to lift her friend down from the wall and bear him to his quarters, she arose quietly and followed him—and from that hour, installed herself as his nurse and faithful attendant.

The wound of Lieutenant Maurice was by no means dangerous—but as he had lost much blood, and suffered a good deal from nervous excitement, he was for several days succeeding the sortie, quite prostrated, and confined to his couch. Colonel Gansevoort, Colonel Willitt, and the other officers, visited him frequently, and as far as their sterner duties and more absorbing responsibilities would allow, ministered to his wants—but strangely enough, his chief dependence for watchful, womanly care, was upon the Indian girl he had so short a time before looked upon, as at the best, but a charming mystery of barbarism—a beautiful savage, slightly softened and humanized, but still wild, restless and untameable. As a nurse, she proved so gentle and devoted, and seemed so happy in her office, that he had no heart, no wish to send her away. It relieved the ennui of his sick-room merely to observe her dainty, graceful ways and movements—he loved to lie with half-closed eyes, watching her slight figure, as it flitted here and there with the quickness and stillness of a bird, and his heart sometimes confessed to a little thrill of vanity, very natural and pardonable in a handsome young man, and a Frenchman at that, to think how soon this wild young creature had been tamed to his hand—had stayed her wandering flights—had sunk her brave, capricious carol of freedom, half glad, half defiant, into the gentlest household strains of tenderness and pity.

Onata had considerable skill in the Indian modes of treating wounds and fevers, and the surgeon of the fortress making no objection to the use of her simple remedies, and medicaments, Lieutenant Maurice quietly submitted himself to her care—smiling now and then at her grave, professional airs of authority, responsibility and science.

[illegible]

...her, and she tell him many things—and she brave, so brave she has no fear of the Bad Spirit—him you call Devil. Ah, too good, too wise, too brave! I afraid to look in her eyes sometimes, when she has looked through the great cloud at Manitou, and its darkness is on her face; then they burn me down so small! Onata, poor, foolish child, not good for anything—afraid of Great Spirit and Devil both—a little squirrel," she added, with a merry laugh, "can make Onata run."

During one of these conversations, Onata confided to her new friend the history of the singular "league" of the Oneida women, of which her sister was the forming and ruling spirit. As De Vaudreuil listened to the strange account, related in an awe-struck, hesitating voice, a visible shudder passed over him, a vivid blush rose to his cheek, and he turned his face away from Onata. If the wild grace and beauty, and evident loving devotion of the Indian maiden had ever brought vague, [illegible]

[illegible]

...manner of her friend toward her, since her last conversation with him. He was now constrained to coldness, or he treated her with the condescending kindness which one gives to a petted child. She felt wronged alike in her single-hearted devotion and womanly dignity—so she did what too many of the most highly civilized of her sex would have done—put on an injured look, stood apart, and sulked. The Lieutenant did not notice her at first; he was occupied in observing the Hessian priest, who had stationed himself on the bastion opposite, and was intently gazing toward the camp of St. Leger. Turning to his companion, he said,

"See that poor captive—how he looks away to his comrades! Are you not sorry for him?"

Now Onata had her suspicions that the poor Hessian had in some way brought about that mysterious change in De Vaudreuil's manner, and with a look and tone of dislike and resent... [illegible]

[illegible]

## Our Picture Gallery.

LADY REDCLIFFE VISITING THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI.

The City of the Sultan presents many vivid scenes for the pencil of the artist; among them is the present incident of Lady Redcliffe, the wife of the British Ambassador, on her way to visit the wounded in the Hospital at Scutari, which has been fitted up under the superintendence of the humane Miss Nightingale. The locality is the principal portion of Pera, showing the entrance to the Galata Serai; which palace was destroyed by fire some years since. Here barracks and an hospital have been provided for the troops; and here, for the first time, English soldiers mounted guard in Constantinople—an extraordinary scene for the Turks, who then began to perceive that they were no longer masters at home. Lady Redcliffe is seated in her sedan-chair, which is carried by two bearers in Greek dresses, embroidered in blue; they wear small skull-caps with long tassels, moustachios, and no beard. The chair is preceded by a gendarme—a portly man, wearing a tunic richly embroidered with gold, and a pair of pistols in pockets similarly decorated; he holds a sabre in his left, and a cane in his right hand. An English footman follows the chair. In the right corner of the picture is the Police Guard-house.

[illegible]

## Our Correspondents

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER [illegible], 18[illegible].

ALL THE ARTICLES IN THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

### TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 Copies, - - - - - | $5,00 | Per Annum. |
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| 20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) | 20,00 | " |

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

## PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the *Post*, that it is now in its THIRTY-FOURTH year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

The contributors to the Post are among the best writers in the Union. We shall shortly commence the publication of

THE ONEIDA SISTERS, by GRACE GREENWOOD; which we design following by

VIVIA, A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

## THE YELLOW FEVER.

Letters from Norfolk and Portsmouth at last bring accounts of the decline of the pestilence—resulting probably from the great reduction of the population. It is evident, however, that the approach of cold weather alone can bring effectual relief to the afflicted cities. Although to the hand of Winter must thus be left what the united efforts of Science and of Charity are powerless to effect, still it is pleasing to see from so many quarters—even so far as Chicago, to the North West—from numerous inland towns and villages, the proofs that there are hearts everywhere which sympathise with human suffering, and grudge not of their means to furnish all such relief as money can procure. Even of volunteer nurses and physicians there have been a plentiful supply—until the request has come from the Howard Association of Norfolk, that no more should be sent, for they only came to sicken, if not to die.

One of the most singular accompaniments of the pestilence is the "Plague Fly." Respecting this insect, the Norfolk correspondent of the Petersburg Express says:

> Its body is about the size of our common fly, of a yellowish color, with long, delicate porous wings, of a texture as fine as the softest silk. They fly together in swarms, and may be seen in large numbers on the fig-trees, but their great point of attraction seems to be the coffins, in which repose the ill-fated victims of "Yellow Jack." We took a stroll out to that Golgotha of burial grounds, Potters' Field, yesterday, and were intensely horrified at seeing many of the coffins that lay on the ground, scattered around, awaiting interment, literally black with these loathsome little insects, that squirmed themselves upon one another so thick as to exclude the coffin entirely from sight. It was the most disgusting spectacle we ever beheld, having an oily, wormy significance of the last poor mortality about it that was absolutely sickening!

Baltimore having been afflicted, of late, with myriads of a singular fly, many were disposed to believe it the same insect, and therefore indicative of a pestilential condition of the atmosphere. But Dr. Smith, the entomologist, has relieved the fears of his fellow citizens, by stating that the flies in Baltimore are but the little red and black ants so common in houses and gardens, which, at this season of the year, take wing and seek new homes. As they generally do this in single swarms, they attract but little attention—but this year they seem to be moving in large numbers. He says:—"I have not seen the Norfolk fly, but have little doubt they are also a large species of ants that have taken wing in the same way and for the same purpose."

As to the "progressive" character of the Yellow Fever, Dr. Nott, of Mobile, favors the Charleston Mercury with some remarks not at all pleasant to Northern readers. He says:

> Whether this epidemic was really imported from Africa or not, is a point which cannot be settled from any data yet made public, and I shall not offer you any speculation on it. One fact, however, is certain: that this disease has travelled steadily on, since its first appearance in Rio Janeiro, five years ago, along the Carribean Gulf and Atlantic coast, until it has at length reached Norfolk. No mortal of our day is endowed with the spirit of prophecy; but still we can often, from the lights of history and observation, predict with tolerable certainty, coming events; and it was on such data that I ventured to foretel that Yellow Fever would go as far as Norfolk, which is about the boundary of the Yellow Fever latitude, and also suggested the strong probability that it would visit our Northern cities, where it does occur at long intervals. Now, the grounds upon which I made these predictions were as follows: Yellow Fever has, at long intervals, not only in the Mediterranean, along the Spanish and French coasts, but in the United States, (about fifty years ago,) taken on this travelling character. About the time alluded to, yellow fever extended from southern ports to Norfolk, and thence to Winchester, in the interior, to Philadelphia, to New York, and thence to Catskill, on the North River, and to Hartford and Middletown. The epidemic in question had steadily progressed for three years, from Rio to Mobile and on to Key West, and with all these facts before me, I did not hazard much in predicting that its progress was onward in the direction it had been travelling.

"Forewarned, forearmed," is a good maxim—and whether Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York are next to suffer from this loathsome disease, or not, every precaution should be taken by their authorities and citizens, to render the pestilence, if it should approach them next summer, as light as possible. We believe we have had no yellow fever, of any consequence, in Philadelphia, since the introduction of the Schuylkill water. Probably in a climate so cool as this, yellow fever cannot take much hold if we only are careful to keep our houses and streets clean and pure. We see it stated that neither in Norfolk nor Portsmouth have they any supply of spring or river water—the citizens depending entirely upon the rain water collected in cisterns. As a consequence of this want of water, the dis-

## SPIRITUALISM.

## MODEL TENANT HOUSES.

## New Publications.

## General News.

## Clippings.

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, [illegible]

# General News.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Ariel we have advices from London to the afternoon of the 1st inst.

It appears probable that further operations of importance are to be attempted in the Baltic, for we read in the Daily News a despatch from Hamburg, dated Aug 29, stating that H. [illegible] had arrived at Kiel, with an enormous quantity of projectiles and new mortars for the Baltic fleet.

The names of the three Russian Generals killed at the battle of Traktir Bridge, as reported by Prince Gortschakoff, were Read, [illegible] and Overwiky.

The papers contain many interesting details of the battle, but few new incidents.

Gens. Simpson and Pelissier both furnish reports. They say the Russian attack was a deliberate effort to raise the siege of Sebastopol, and if the Russians had succeeded in holding the heights on the Allies' side of the river, they intended further to attack the Allies from four points—namely, a main attack on Balaklava, another on the British camp, and another simultaneously on the extreme right and left of the French lines. Documents found on the body of a Russian General indicate this.

Gen. Simpson estimates the Russian force at 50,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, with 160 guns. The French had only 12,000 men and four batteries engaged.

The Sardinians had 4,500 men and 24 guns engaged; while the English had only one battery in play.

The battle began at break of day. The Russians crossed the river on floats, and drove in the allied outposts.

Gen. Simpson says the Russians advanced three times with the most determined bravery. Thrice they carried the bridge and crowned the heights, but were thrice driven back by the French batteries.

The Zouaves charged them with the bayonet, and the English battery made great havoc as they retreated to the river.

The English Lancers and French Mounted Chasseurs were stationed in the plain, but could not pursue the retreating army, as the Russian batteries kept up a fire from their own side of the river, and thus covered the retreat.

Gen. Pelissier calls the French loss 17 officers killed and 58 wounded—172 men killed; 9 missing, and 1,160 wounded. The Sardinian loss was 250. The loss of the Russians was 3,000 killed and 5,000 wounded, including 1,600 wounded prisoners in the hands of the French, and 200 in the hands of the Sardinians. The Turks were not engaged.

The Russian report admits great losses, and three Generals killed. It attributes the loss to the too great impetuosity of the right column of attack. The Russian troops engaged had just arrived in the Crimea.

Gen. Gortschakoff commanded in person, from Mackenzie Heights. The Grand Duke Constantine was not present, although it was stated that he was.

The condition of the Russian dead showed that they had been subjected to a long march, and had suffered considerable hardship, which partly confirms Napoleon's recent statement that, to his knowledge, Russian resources are exhausted.

Gen. Pelissier issued a grandiloquent order, announcing the victory, but his account does not find favor in Paris. They say that he did not make the most of his victory, nor prepare

...

[illegible] prohibited, and a bond is required whenever exported.

THE HARVEST IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The yield of the cereal family this harvest will be fully equal to the average of former years—in the judgment of many practical persons above the average. In Ireland, more especially, the prospects are excellent, and the potato disease in that country has been greatly modified in virulence. This is a very gratifying fact, for more than the ordinary breadth of land has been sown this year with the potato.

FRANCE.—Dullness prevails in political affairs.

The Kings of Sardinia, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are expected by the Emperor.

The crops throughout France are satisfactory.

The harvest in Algeria is excellent.

The disturbances that occurred at Angers, (Maine and Loire) are said to have been more serious than supposed. Angers contains a population of 36,000 inhabitants; and the working people of an entire faubourg marched in regular order on the town, and attacked the prefecture. The troops fired, and, it is said, more than one of the rioters were killed, and several wounded. Tranquillity was, of course, restored; but many arrests have been made since. Some allege that it was a mere turn-out of workmen; others that it was a Socialist movement.

BELGIUM.—A Commission has been appointed to revise the Tariff.

SPAIN.—Committees appointed are considering the Tariff question.

Foreigners are exempted from the forced loan, but are invited to contribute to it.

A Paris rumor is, we may expect from day to day to hear of the involuntary abdication of Queen Isabella, and of important events in Spain.

The Duke of Montpensier is openly agitating.

The General Marquis del Duero has submitted a project to organize a reserve for the army of the Island of Cuba. This project has not yet been examined by the Council of Ministers.

LONDON, Saturday morning, 11 o'clock.—Consols for money 91 to 91¼; ditto for account (Oct. [illegible]) 91¼ to 91⅜. Turkish four per cent. Scrip 1⅞ to 1¼ premium.

COURS AUTHENTIQUE.—PARIS, Aug. 30.—Cash prices—Four and a half per cents. (not reimbursable for 10 years) [illegible]; Exchange on London, at sight, money, [illegible]; three months, money, [illegible].

The sales of Cotton at Liverpool, Sept. 1st, were 10,000 bales. Market firm.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

GOVERNOR SHANNON'S SENTIMENTS.—The newly appointed Governor of Kansas recently made a speech to the citizens of *Westport, Missouri*. The following account of the speech is from the correspondence of the *St. Louis Democrat*:

Governor Shannon began his remarks by thanking the audience for their courteous reception. It gratified him, he said, not because it was personally flattering, but because it showed him that they were not disposed to decide on his official career in advance. It showed him that he might rely on "your aid" in endeavoring to overcome obstacles which he was aware existed, but hoped were not insurmountable. [A voice—Yes, you shall have our aid.] He regretted to see, in certain portions of the Territory, a disposition to resist the "laws which have been enacted by the Legislature." This was a revolutionary sentiment which was greatly to be deplored. He regretted, he said, that he had arrived too late to form the acquaintance of the members of the Legislature. He knew nothing of the laws passed by them, but from the ability and patriotism of the gentlemen who composed it, he doubted not that they were wise and judicious. But even if they were not wise and judicious, open resistance and nullification of them were not the proper way to defeat their provisions. If they were unconstitutional, there were Courts to appeal to, which had been created for the purpose of deciding such questions. As to the Legislature that recently adjourned at the Shawnee Mission, he regarded it as a legal assembly [Cheers], and he thought that the objection to its power, grounded on its removal from Pawnee, was puerile, as the Legislature enjoyed the right of removing the Seat of Government at pleasure.

...

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

# Marriages.

# Deaths.

# Bank Note List.


RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NEW CURTAINS, W. H. CARRYL.

THE HIDDEN PATH. BY MARION HARLAND.

FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES! GROVER, BAKER & CO.'S

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BAIRD'S PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

WANTED!

PRAIRIE, FARM & WOOD LANDS,

VALUABLE SCHOOL BOOKS, H. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.

The American Portrait Gallery.

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE, LIBERTY STOVE WORKS.

WILLIAM BIRNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHIA.

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

BOOK AGENTS

CONRAD BARD & SON,

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

JEWELRY

SILVERWARE.

NEW PRINCIPLE! NEW REMEDY! NO POISON!

RHODES' FEVER AND AGUE CURE! OR ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA;

MALARIA OR MIASMA,

THE NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA,

PREVENTIVE,

WORTHY OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE, SINGULAR AND ENTIRE HARMLESSNESS,

SPECIMENS OF TESTIMONY CONTINUALLY RECEIVED

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters,

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

OIL CLOTHS!

NOTICE TO BOOK AGENTS.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA

## Selected Poetry.

### "I WILL KEEP THEE."

### "A GEM OF ANTIQUITY."

*Soul.*

*Jesus.*

*Soul.*

*Jesus.*

*Soul.*

*Jesus.*

*Soul.*

"Cheap enough!" said the poet, and in his most polished manner, borrowed the money of the company; then, with a flourish, registered his name. Poets are proverbially poor, I believe.

"The falls—there they are," burst from the lips of all as the majestic wonder came in sight.

As we gazed in awe-struck silence, we comprehended for the first time how beggarly is language. The expressions about us, "beautiful, sublime," sounded inexpressibly tame. We strove to imagine the immeasurable depth to which those awful volumes of water were plunging, forever plunging.

"Since the creation," muttered the poet, who was speculating to himself, "coeval with Adam and Eve—century after century have these five great inland seas been pouring their cast-off waters over these rugged precipices—all along where the brown cliffs look haggard and gaunt, once this torrent leaped—Great God! what art Thou if thus awful are the works of Thy hands!"

"I'm afraid of getting cold," cried a little duck of a woman, "the spray has wet my basque through."

"Wear a shawl then," muttered the poet with a vindictive look, and turned himself Cataract-wise again. One pale girl sat on a seat near the Horse-Shoe. Never once did she lift her eyes or move her clasped hands. A look of mournfulness, or I imagined it, characterized her face; her glance was fixed immovably on the emerald sheets of the cataract; the spray hung in a bright cloud about her, but she did not seem to notice its dampness. I could not resist improvising a love story of which she was the unconscious heroine.

Subsequently we went on the Canada side, and stood but a step from the whelming flood. Here the poet would fain build him a stately residence; forgetting, in the wild glory of the scene, mountains and lakes, he wished to live

## Original Letter.

### GOING TO NIAGARA.

## Selected Articles.

### THE CLIMAX OF BENEVOLENCE.

## London Scenes.

Commercial Gent.—"This war, sir, will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business!"

City Swell.—"Aw—dooshy! D'lighted to hear it—a always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."

### THE DESERT HEART.

BY A. M. IDE.

'Tis not the dreariness of the heart
Where love hath dwelt and disappeared;
A realm to sorrow set apart
And moved to a fame revered.

'Tis not a garden gone to waste,
Where yet some lingering flower betrays
The greater loveliness that graced
Its walks and walls in better days.

It is a desert, where the light
Of love hath striven in vain to win
Its way amid the perfect night,
Which buries all that enter in.

No living thing of beauty grows

Changes in the Meaning of Words.—During part of the seventeenth century and earlier, a Dutchman meant a German, Mynheer being called a Hollander. A modern reader, ignorant of this change, when he found a dictionary compiler pronouncing English based on Dutch, might be apt to doubt the author's fitness as a judge of language. Less technical writers suffer from the changes in the meaning of more common words; and a reader, not aware of the changes which have taken place, may be in occasional danger of misreading his author, of misunderstanding his intention, while he has no doubt whatever that he is perfectly apprehending and taking it in.

Thus, when Shakespeare, in "Henry VI.," makes the noble Talbot address Joan of Arc as

## For Housekeepers.

## Wit and Humor.

### EXTRACTING TEETH BY MACHINERY.

Dr. Tuckmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite; and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order, than in any other way; so Tuckmaker became a dentist. He was the man that first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of filling cavities with a kind of putty, which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job. Tuckmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to

### WHY HE DIDN'T PLAY.

"No, I don't play on any instrument," said our friend, Tom Pringle, in answer to our question. "To tell the truth, I became discouraged by a slight misconception, when I was a young man. I wasn't appreciated, you know, and all that sort of thing.

"Well, you see," said he, in reply to another question, "it was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, that we both fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning one of the attics into a study, we practised there half the night through. We didn't want any one to know about it, especially our father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time; and to make him think us usefully employed, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had a skull and all sorts of bones scattered about. We knew that up in our 'study,' no one could hear us, but Betsy, the housekeeper, and as she was our old nurse, we felt sure she would keep our secret. One morning, after we had been whiling the long night hours away with our music, to our own mutual delight, we came down late to breakfast, looking, I suppose, somewhat unre-

## The Riddler.

## Agricultural.

### FLORICULTURE—FOR SEPTEMBER.

## The Olio.

### LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

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## VOLUME XXX

## Original Poe

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